

Next Week! Corinne Cushman's New Story, "Madcap, the Little Quakeress."

# NEW YORK Sabbath Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 411

LOST WINGS AND LINGERING  
HEART.

BY A. W. BELLAWS.

The year is in the leaves,  
And the leaves are unto foot;  
High overhead I hear your happy swarms  
Go by, oh, darling Birds, singing and winging  
To where the soft South-summer welcomes and  
warms.

Season of song and flower  
For frost-fleck and snowfall.  
Sweet are the roses, and the stars in the dawn,  
And some day on sun-mold come fallen together,  
Will break my heart, Birds, after you are gone.

Silver Star,  
THE BOY KNIGHT;  
OR,  
The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER V.  
ARKANSAW AND THE BOY KNIGHT MAKE A RECONNOISSANCE.

"Boy," replied Old Arkansaw, "what do you mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is Elwe?"

In as few words as possible the Boy Knight narrated the adventure of the balloon, his rescue of Elwe, and her flight upon his horse.

Old Arkansaw was astonished by the lad's story, and when he had concluded his narration, the hunter said:

"Then the poor young thing never got through. The hoss came all right, but no girl. I should think if the red-skins got her, they'd taken the hoss too; so it's my solemn opinion that she's been killed."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" cried the boy, "I hope such is not the case. I cannot bear to think Elwe is dead. She was the prettiest girl, Arkansaw, that you ever laid your eyes on. And, then, she was as gentle as an angel; why, if it hadn't been for them wicked men in the balloon, I'd a' believed she war sent from heaven direct."

"Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. I never knew a boy to be less a fool than this. In my life but he fell in love with her, he's over her head, and then they're alders—beans—beans—full, and all this sort of things, even if they're ugly as mud fences. Like as not your Elwe'd look like a bird without plumage to me. You see, old eyes and young eyes don't see alike. I used to see an angel in every gal's face, but how're you angels now? After I got jilted forty-seven times, the female sex became very plain—really human. But it's mighty queer bout that balloon business—some mystery. Why didn't you ax your angel 'bout it, Silver Star?"

"Did as she, and she had just begun telling me when we discovered the Indians coming down upon us. But, Arkansaw, I must know what become of that girl—I will never quit these woods until I know whether she is dead or alive."

"Now, see here, boy; you've got a name all over Dakota and creation for bein' one of the best, slickest and most successful rangers, and so on; for pity sake, let this girl-hunt spike all."

"Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go—to the mercy after her? to leave her, if livin', at the mercy of bloodthirsty savages?"

"Oh, no, Silver Star; be a man—die for lovely woman, if necessary—and you want to; but don't go too hasty. Keep cool and calculate carefully, and then see how she'll figger up. Now, Captain Barns and nine of the soldiers are camped up here waiting for me to return with some game for breakfast, and if you'll wait till I block out a chunk of that dead deer, we'll go up to camp."

"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the boy questioned.

"I did, for a fact."

"And so did I, though I did not hear your gun. There are two bullet-holes in the animal's side."

"Yes, and I didn't hear your gun till you began to rattle off cheeks to them red-skins. Huzzah! how you managed that battle, for a boy. You're a good one, I'll vow. I'm awful glad to meet you, Silver Star; here, give us a shake-like to forget that; but say, jist don't say anything to the boys 'bout the way I got that White Crane fixed up to abolish him. They might consider it a thundered good joke on—well, the tree we war huggin' up so skrimphus. Jist kind o' leave it all to me; I'll fix up this battered mug o' mine, to the boys, satisfactorily."

The scouts secured a portion of the deer, and the weapons of the fallen red-skin and at once set out for camp, where they soon arrived.

Silver Star was received in camp with shouts of joy; but great was their surprise when the men saw the face of Old Arkansaw, bruised and bleeding, and they at once piled him with questions regarding his injuries.

This old man had expected, and as he promised Silver Star, he fixed the matter up by a slight exaggeration of facts in a manner that reflected credit upon himself.

The old frontiersman and one of the soldiers were preparing the venison for breakfast. Silver Star told Captain Barns of all that had transpired since he left the fort. The captain was astounded at the story of the balloon and the disappearance of the maiden, and many and various were the conjectures concerning the aeronauts and their strange conduct. With what little that Silver Star had gathered of their conversation, Captain Barns felt satisfied that the girl, Elwe, was the victim of some conspiracy, foul and malicious.



"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"But the maiden must be found, she dead or alive," the soldier said. "One of the pickets said your horse came from in front of the direction of Deep Ford; and as this crossing is in the vicinity of the Indian village, she might have fallen into savage power."

"If so, then there may be some hope of finding her," declared the young scout; "but at any rate, I'm going to hunt for her until I know her fate."

"And you can count on my assistance," said the officer.

Breakfast being prepared and eaten, the party mounted their animals, and took their departure east, along the river.

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along with them, the youth once more found himself at home in the saddle, and that, too, with his shield-star blazing brightly upon his breast in the morning light.

The party rode on until noon when they halted for dinner and to await the coming of night. They were not far from the Indian village now, and what was to be done must be done under cover of night.

With restless impatience Silver Star watched them ride down, and when the shadows of night again settled over all, the youth, in company with Old Arkansaw, mounted his horse and rode off up the river to make a reconnaissance of the Indian village. An hour's ride brought them within sight of a hundred twinkling lights on the opposite side of the river.

"Great Scotland!" exclaimed Silver Star, pointing across toward the town; "I'd give my whole right and title to all Dakota if I could go through your hornet's nest like a volley of grape-shot."

"I wish so, too, boy, if wishin' I'd do any good," replied Old Arkansaw; "but I'll bet the red bastions have all got their optics skinned and their auricular open. I just want to meet that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I don't show him a thing or two I'll git my hand for a toad-stool. If I should need him to-night, I'd spatter his carcass all over this territory, and so all the mornin' with his blood. The cowardly, sneakin' ole bastion! Hivens! how I should like to clap them paws upon him again!"

The old scout then cracked like a pistol-shot.

"Suppose we go over and stir that hornet's nest up, anyhow?" suggested the Boy Knight.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the scout, softly; "A hawk can't pass a hornet's nest without shying a stone at it. But then, I'm in fur anything that's full of fun and fire. We might go over and charge into their village and—then charge out again before the varmints sting, though it'll be awf'ly risky. Jerusalem crickets! won't it raise a seethin' howl? Why, nothin' I'll compare with it since the morning stars sing together, and the Romans charged on Bunker Hill."

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Straight on toward the Sioux town galloped the reckless scouts, and the nearer they approached it the faster they rode. Not a savage seemed to dare their way, and without the least alarm being raised, they suddenly dashed into the outskirts of the village.

And now arose a Pandemonium of noises on the October night. Old Arkansaw uttered a yell of defiance and discharged his revolver at the nearest savage. Silver Star followed his example, and then, putting spur, they thundered away through the dark part of the village, the two unknown persons. Listening intently,

precipitous. The rift was before him, and the approaching savages now completed the environing circle. Escape seemed impossible, and capture would be certain death.

Before him a tree had been felled so as to span the channel. The top side of this log had been hewn away to a flat surface over twelve inches in width. This had been used by the Indians as a bridge, and the sight of it suggested a means of escape to the daring young knight. But he was wounded, he believed, so that he could not walk. The only way he could effect his escape was by deserting his horse and dragging himself along upon his hands and knees the best he could. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that he could never elude the savages by this means, and all hope had faded from his breast, when out of the darkness of the woods upon the opposite side of the chasm a voice cried out:

"Dismount, boy, and cross on the log!" It was the voice of Old Arkansaw.

"I can't, Arkansaw; one of my legs is shot off, I guess," was the boy's cool response.

"Oh, great Babylon!—boy, they'll abolish you! See, they're comin' a thousand million strong! My God, Silver Star! what are you goin' to do, boy?"

The lad had turned his horse's head and was urging it toward the chasm.

"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" groaned the old plainsman, as he saw the trained horse, obedient to its master's will, place its fore feet upon the narrow bridge and then with a spring plant the others close behind them. He saw the horse, with neck extended and form quivering over the precipice, take one step; but he saw no more, for he turned his head to shut out the scene that followed.

## CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

OLD ARKANSAW heard the sound of the hoofs' hoots upon the log, and heard it snorting with affright. By heard the voice of his young friend speaking words of command and encouragement to his horse. He heard the wild screams of the approaching savages—all, seemingly, blended in one awful, horrible sound that numbed his very senses, and transfixed him with fear and terror. His heart seemed to rise in his throat, and a dreadful, choking sensation followed. They were the pangs and burnings of the most painful suspense that man could suffer; and it seemed as if they would never end. Everything was on a blinding whirl about the old hunter.

"Come, Arkansaw," suddenly exclaimed a voice, and a horseman swept past him.

The spell was broken. It was the voice of his young friend, Silver Star. The Boy Knight was safe! He had safely ridden his horse over the chasm upon the footlog, performed a miracle!

The old hunter started up, gave utterance to a yell of joy, and putting spur, dashed away after the fearless boy.

Dumb with astonishment, the red-skins paused upon the edge of the chasm. Then a cry of baffled triumph burst from their throats. A few dismount, and running across upon the log, start in pursuit of the Boy Knight.

Away through the forest sped the two scouts. They followed the river a few miles, when they finally rode into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. Continuing on, they soon reached camp, when Silver Star was assisted from his horse and his wound examined.

The old scout then the boy struck his ankle, inflicting a very painful, but not dangerous wound. The whole foot and leg had been completely paralyzed by the shock; but this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of pain more acute.

Captain Barns dressed the wound as well as means at command would permit; and recommended a frequent application of cold water to allay the pain and fever.

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary precautions to guard against a surprise by the Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at many different points, the location selected for a camp possessed great natural advantages as a defensive position. It was guarded upon one side by the river, and then nearly surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped body of water upon the other sides, thus forming a kind of peninsula that could be reached only by way of a narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall, dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and debris, for the place was subject to overflows during high water.

In the very center of this point had the soldiers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return of Old Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of the latter had been dressed, and the story of their adventures narrated, all seated themselves around the fire and engaged in a quiet conversation.

Thus an hour had passed, when suddenly a shrill, strange voice pierced through the solemn stillness of the place and started soldier and scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the crackling of dry brush was heard, and a moment later one of the guards came into camp, escorting as queer-looking a creature as it had been their lot to look upon in many a day; and what was most strange, the person was a woman—a white woman, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outlandish as her general appearance. Her dress was made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty brown color. It was scant in breadth and in length, and just reached to the tops of a pair of number-severed army shoes. Over this dress she wore a pair of breeches, embroidered with red, and trimmed with rows of different-colored beads. Upon her head was a great, flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants' ears with each nod and motion of the head.

Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sash which appeared to be well filled; and in her right hand she carried a great, heavy and clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the worse of long usage.

"Well, by the Holy Jerusalem!" exclaimed

Old Arkansaw, as his eyes fell upon the form of the fair stranger: "what under the moon and shinin' star have you found, Rathbone?"

"A woman," replied the half-mortified soldier.

"Yes, a woman!" fairly shrieked the female with blazing eyes, while she took up her big umbrella over Arkansaw's head in a threatening manner—"a poor, sad-sorred and lonely man—the wreck of former beauty, the victim of man's imperity and inconstancy—the relic of an ingenuous gal to the hymenial altar. That's who I am."

"By the dancin' dervishes!" responded Arkansaw, "it seems to me I've seen'd you before, ole lady. Isn't your name Bandy—Mrs. —"

"Yes, yes!" she screamed, her whole frame set aquiver, it seemed, by mention of the name Bandy; "my name is Ellen Sabina Bandy—the wronged, deserted and injured wife of whom dashes ungrateful vagabone, Christopher Columbus Bandy."

"This's adactly; I see'd you years ago down in Nebraska. Yes, gentlemen and soldiers, this is the relic of old Kit Bandy, of whom I war tellin' you yesterday."

"Yes, and please gracious, I'll relish him when I git hands on him again!" added the woman. "I'll put a stop to his imagin' around over thin hemisfer like a gay young courtier. I'll pluck his eyes out like a vulture—oh, you may laff and laff at a helpless woman till your diaframs rips wide open, but when you've suffered I've suffered, you'll know how to sympathize with me. Not one mother's brat of 'em suffer half what I have, and you, young and bold, be it ever said, but I'll make that ole vagabone smart like pepper when I meet him again! He promised, at the hyenal alter, to love, cherish and protect me till death did us part; and I'm determined to hold him in the breachin' with a square rein. He shall never lavish his hypocritical smiles and gallantries on any other female than that ever wore him—no, never!"

"Pr'aps Mrs. Bandy," suggested Old Arkansaw, "if you smooth your feathers, and curl your conversational powers, when the old man's abt, he'd remain with you. I reckon what's more, he'd stand by you."

"Oh gracious, my cherches, hasn't I melted myself into all smiles and sweetmesses and lovesomes for that ungrateful critter? And how gentlemen, did he reward me? Why, it was tryin' to murder me," and her voice fell to a whisper: "yes, tried to *murder me!*" she again broke forth, with violent gestures, "by puttin' a burr under my horse's tail one day when I started for a ride."

"I'll bet you got even with him," said Arkansaw.

"Please gracious I did, ole covey! One day, when he was takin' his noon nap on the blanket under a tree on the bank of the Yukon, I brought the edges of the blanket together and sewed him up with a big stone at his feet. Then I rolled the old cavalier into the river—he! he! he!—and by means of a rope attached to the blanket, I let him down, then hauled him to surface, then ker-soused him under again; and in this way I made him beg like a hungry Italian. He promised to love me, to obey me, to be my own slave, to die for me if necessary, to—"

"Did he keep his promises?" interrupted the old scoundrel.

"No!" she shrieked; "not a single, lonely one of them, the false, deceptive heathen! And it nearly kills me when I think of my galloo-doo, who'd a right after come courtin' of me so gay, with his pockets full of sweetmeats, and his tongue drappin' with nice poetry. Oh, what a fool I was! But I war young and handsome, the neighbors said, and every feller in the country courted my smiles. Foolish girl, I were; I salled over a flower-bed and lit in a mud-puddle when I took ole Kit Bandy for better or worse."

"What does your husband follow, Mrs. Bandy?" asked Captain Barns, with a suppressed smile.

"Heaven forbid," answered the woman, seating herself upon a great, hollow log, and rockin' herself to and fro as if to nurse her wrath and sorrows. She remained silent for some time, then took a small slip of paper from her sachel and reading it over, crushed it in her hand with a spiteful hiss. What she finally did with the paper no one knew, but she disposed of it in a strange, sly manner.

"Well, Mrs. Bandy," said Captain Barns, "it is but my duty as a soldier and a gentleman to offer you the hospitalities of our camp. We will do the best we can to make you comfortable."

"Oh, I thank you," responded the woman, in a lower tone. "I can't tarry. I heard you were down here, and so I come down to inquire if you had seen anything of my lost darlin', Kit Columbus Bandy. I must return to-night to the Indian town; I promised I would."

"Well, we have seen or heard nothing of your husband."

"Haven't! Well, I'll live on in hopes. My day will come yet!"

"Then you come and go among the Indians at will!"

"Yes; I've a passport to and from the Ingin village. It was given me by that noble chief, White Crane."

"Have you any idea that your old tulip, Kit Bandy, is in this country?" inquired Old Arkansaw.

"Yes, I have a purty strong idea that way. I seed the track of a white man long the river o'ther day that looks adactly like that old blister's track. Whenever you see a tract that looks like the imprint of an elephant's hoof, and follow it up, you'll find old Kit Bandy at the end of the trall."

"Well, now look here, Mrs. Bandy," said Silver Star, rising to his feet, and hobbling over to where the old woman sat; "I'm scountin' around through the country a deal of a sight, and I might be of some service to you upon condition you assist me a little."

"Well, I'll do anything in my power for you, son, if you'll just watch out for my old blister, and help him."

"I'll do so; and now I want to ask you one question: is there a young girl in the camp—a captive?"

"None to my knowin'; and if ther'd been any I'd a known it, rest assured. If there's a gal lost, like as not when you find her you'll find old Kit Bandy with her tryin' to make her believe he's a gay young soul, and that he loves her unto death, and that she ought to precipitate. But, please gracious, them ugly old eyes and that big, alligator mouth, and them jack-mule's ears, and them old gutters in his face! I'll not let him deceive another young, beautiful and innocent gal, *never!* and she punctuated her remarks by smiting the end of her umbrella into the sand at her feet."

A moment's silence ensued, and as no one seemed disposed to ask Sabina any further questions, she took a clay pipe and some tobacco

from her sachel. Filling the pipe, she advanced to the fire and taking up a red-hot coal in her fingers, laid it upon the pipe and began puffing vigorously, and in a moment her face was lost behind a cloud of smoke.

"Now, man and soldiers," she finally remarked, "I'm goin' to departure, and please gracious, I hope you will not forget a wronged and injured woman. If you can give me any information that'll lead to the recovery of Kit Bandy, you shall be liberally rewarded—not on earth, in heaven. So now, good-night, folks."

So saying, she turned and started happily away, puffing at her pipe and balancing her big umbrella upon her hands with remarkable skill.

"I'll be eternally blessed if that isn't a kind o' folks we don't often see 'round this kentry!" exclaimed Old Arkansaw.

The soldiers gave way to an outburst of laughter.

"She may be an Indian spy, bows," suggested Silver Star, seriously. "I don't like the looks of her."

"No danger o' that," replied Arkansaw; "but then, she's a regular clipper; and mean as she makes ole Kit Bandy out as a husband, I tell you he's a glorious old hoss to stand in the harness with when danger's around, and I'd like to bump against him in these diggins." I met him several years ago down in the Rockies, and he'd been a regular hoss, had a rollin' good time; Bushwhaw 'n other, I hear he'd been skinned alive by the Ingines and killed, and so I never thought any more about him, than that a brave ole soul had gone to rest—harkee!"

The shrill, piercing voice of Sabina came to the ears of all; and listening to her words they found she was giving the guard, upon the river-side, a sound blessing for daring to challenge her and refusing to allow her to pass the lines. But their passage of words soon ended, and our friends at camp were momentarily expecting the woman back to report the guard, when to their surprise the guard himself appeared in great excitement.

"Captain," he exclaimed, "what for an infernal old witch was that you allowed to leave camp?"

The soldiers roared with laughter. They saw their comrade was perplexed, embarrassed.

"Why, Carlford, she was an innocent woman," explained the captain; "an innocent, harmless old woman."

"Bah! that's bush, Carlford," said the captain, reprimingly.

"Bosh, or no bosh, captain, that woman, definin' my challenges and threats, deliberately went down to the water's edge, and *walked out upon the stream!*"

A general laugh ensued.

"I care not what you say, that woman walked out across the river upon the water! I saw her on the open moonlit water. Her feet seemed surrounded by a dark nimbus, and of this I am certain. The current bore her down-stream several rods before she disappeared in the shadow of the opposite shore. I'll swear to it if that's my last words on earth!"

As Carlford was known to be a brave and truthful soldier, his story, so firmly persisted in, was believed.

It was too late, however, to make any further investigations of the matter, and so quiet was once more restored in camp.

About midnight the guards were changed, and those off duty concluded to lay down and take a few hours sleep and rest. Silver Star's wound had ceased to pain him, and he soon fell asleep. Old Arkansaw was the last to lie down, and when he did, all the rest were asleep. He was possessed of a large blue blanket with the figure of a ferocious tiger worked in the center red, and an eagle with outspread wings in each corner. Laying down upon the dry sand, with his head in the hollow of his saddle, he dressed his highly-prized blanket over him and went to sleep.

"A-huntin' of you!" answered Arkansaw.

"Blast her old eyes! Ar'n't she a ripper, though, boys? Do you blame me much for cuttin' loose from such an old brig and driftin' out to sea alone? Do you blame me, Arky?"

"Can't say that I do, Kit; but now I want to ask you a question," said Old Arkansaw.

"Page off, Arky!"

"How come you here in camp?"

"Them old stiffs swing me down here, and as you war all asleep, I didn't think it necessary to wake you to tell ye I'd arriv'd; but, takin' your blanket, for it was awful chilly, I laid down to—"

The report of a rifle burst suddenly through the night, cutting short the old man's words.

"War! by the horn of Joshua! To arms!" yelled old Kit Bandy, at the top of his brazen lungs.

A moment every man, with rifle and revolver in hand, stood upon the defense, peering into the gloom beyond the radius of light. The yell of Indians started the echoes of the night, and the next moment the guard, who had been at duty at the isthmus, came running into camp, pursued by a score and more of savages.

"Take aim! fire!" commanded Captain Barns.

The crash of muskets and revolvers tore through the night with a horrible din, and with it were mingled the cries and groans of the red-skins. A number of Indians fell. But others came from the darkness to take their places. Two-score strong now pressed hard upon the little band of soldiers, forcing them back into the woods. They poured a volley of arrows and bullets into their ranks. Two soldiers and Kit Bandy fell.

At this juncture Captain Barns saw that it would be certain destruction to contend with such odds, and at once sounded a retreat.

Silver Star rose to his feet and attempted to follow them, but his wounded limb refused to obey its office, and he fell. The next instant the savages were upon him; he was a helpless prisoner.

The victorious red-skins pursued Old Arkansaw and the soldiers into the woods, but, favored by the darkness, the latter succeeded in reaching their horses and escaping to the mainland.

One by one the red-skins returned to camp, feasting satisfied with the capture of Silver Star. To them the Boy Knight was a welcome sight, and the soldiers would have been. To them he had been in the main a terror.

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In the meantime Stephen was keeping a keen though quiet outlook. Not a person entered the room, or left it, unnoticed by him. He was manifestly impatient to rid himself of his companion.

"My dear Janey, the air is getting too cool and fresh for you. Let me put you in the carriage to get you home."

"Thank you; I'm in no hurry."

Just then a shrill whistle came from down the river.

Janey took out her watch.

"The 'Firefly'" had left the dock, and was on her way to New York.

A minute or two later the express train came in, and the two went out upon the platform.

They stood there silently until every passenger was aboard.

Then Janey said—quietly, as though in response to something from him:

"She is not here, you see."

Stephen changed color.

"I mean the young girl you were watching for; my sister's late governess."

"What new vagary have you got into your head now?"

"Nothing new, unfortunately. But we will not discuss the subject in so public a place. The train having gone that you were so anxious to take, and left you behind, perhaps you will accept my sister's hospitality for the night, and a seat in my carriage?"

Stephen followed his wife to the carriage without speaking.

He would have assisted her in, but she firmly stalled him, and, gathering up the reins, waited for him to take a seat by her side.

In the meantime time fears and conjectures were busy in his heart.

He stole a furtive glance at his wife; but her face, though a trifle paler, looked much the same.

Was this mere suspicion on her part, or had Irvia betrayed him?

He knew enough to understand that she had circumvented and baffled him.

How he hated her!

"I could kill her!" he said to himself, a rage more fierce and deadly because he dared give it no outward expression. "And I believe I shall, some day."

They were approaching a rude bridge across a deep, dark ravine. He could hear the water gurgling over the jagged rocks, a hundred feet below.

The impulse came strong upon him to fling her over it.

"You can make it appear to be an accident?" suggested the devil, that was busy at his heart.

"Just before the fore-hoofs of the horse struck upon the bridge, the slender hand tightened upon the reins, and the docile creature stopped.

"I think I ought to tell you—" how calm and clear that voice rose above the tumult that raged within—"I think I ought to tell you, Stephen, that I have made my will; and that you will not be benefited by my death. On the contrary, the annual allowance that you have hitherto had in my estate will be lessened one-half."

"Go, Charlie!"

In obedience to that gentle command, Charlie trotted over the bridge, and down the steep declivity that led from it.

Stephen's heart almost stood still.

Did she suspect his murderous intent, and say this to show him its folly?

"I believe she's in league with the devil!" was his inward ejaculation.

"I only so far as I have the will to do what is right."

"One would suppose, however, that your husband had as much claim upon you as any one."

"One would naturally suppose so, yes."

Stephen studied his wife's countenance for a moment.

"It is easy to see that you have been listening to lying stories about me, Janey. Because I haven't always done right, it don't follow that I'm guilty of everything that's laid to my charge. The girl you alluded to is a mere adventurress, as can be proved—"

"Stop! Stephen; I will not hear you blacken the name of an innocent girl, and simply because she is innocent. She never told me one word;

all I know I have obtained from other sources; before I came up here, of the young girl you unit to her, and the description a certain woman in Brooklyn, and the description of my sister's governess until the day you met. Your words, your manner, aroused my suspicions, which further developments strengthened to certainty. More than that, I am convinced that there was some understanding between you and Miss Weston, else why were you at the depot, on the watch for her?"

"I was not on the watch for her. Though I don't suppose it is any use for me to deny it, or any of the rest of your charges."

"Look back upon the past, and ask yourself if you have given me any reason to rely upon you."

Stephen made no reply to this. He was evidently alarmed at his wife's discovery; this alarm being based on the most selfish and mercenary considerations.

There was silence between the two, until the carriage turned from the public road into the broad avenue that led to the house.

Then Janey spoke.

"Stephen, for

the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our story. It had lost much of the neat, trim appearance it had then; the gate was broken and the vines dismantled from the rustic porch.

A man was splitting wood just outside.

"Does Barbara Worth live here?" inquired Mr. Cameron.

The man looked puzzled.

"Is it blind Barb'y, ye mane?"

"Yes, she was blind, and her name is Barbara."

"Sorra, a bit does she live here now, at all, at all! I hear say that she was out of her head, like, an' Miss Sutton tuck her to some doctor's place, or ruther."

"Sutton! Sutton!" repeated Mr. Cameron, in an excited tone and manner, "what Sutton! What ne'er Christian name Lucia?"

"I only knew her as the lady that lives in the big white house on the hill—or did live there."

"Where is she?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sur," said the man, with a solemn shake of the head; "she'd dead."

Richard smiled at this non-committal reply, while Mr. Cameron looked as though he was uncertain what to do next.

"If this woman was Lucia Sutton," he said to his nephew, "she is the person I have been trying to find so many years, and who I am now more convinced than ever was at the bottom of all these troubles. But if she is dead, and Barbara Worth cannot be found, there is nothing to be done, as I see."

A pleasant, intelligent-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, had come out of the house, and stood listening to this conversation.

She now spoke.

"Barney, I don't believe but what Elsie Pringle could tell the gentleman what he wants to know. You know she lived with Mrs. Sutton, and went with her when she took blind Barb'y to New York."

"Where does this person live?" said Mr. Cameron, turning to the young woman.

"She keeps a variety store in the village, sir. It's on Main street, on the right as you go down. You can't miss it."

Mr. Cameron put some silver in the chubby hands of the baby; then the two retraced their way back to the village.

Going down Main street, they soon came to a little shop, on the door of which was very conspicuously lettered:

"M'SSE PRINGLE'S FANCY STORE."

On one side of it was a show window, in which were displayed specimens of the various articles sold within.

As they opened the door, the sharp ring of a bell called a woman out from a room in the rear.

It is our old acquaintance Elsie, looking very much the same as when we first met her, with the exception of a slight limp.

She passed round back of the counter, to where her supposed customers stood.

"I wish to see Miss Elsie Pringle."

"That is my name."

"You lived with the late Mrs. Sutton?"

Elsie looked uneasy, scanning more closely than she had hitherto done the countenances of her visitors.

"Well, yes, I lived with her—why?"

"Do you know what became of Barbara Worth, commonly called Blind Barb'y, who went with Mrs. Sutton to New York last spring?"

The uneasiness so plainly visible in Elsie's face, now changed to fear and distrust.

"No, I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her goin'." She seemed sort o' crazy. When we got to New York, she grew worse, an' Mrs. Sutton sent her to some doctor. That's all I know 'bout it. Did you want to buy anything?"

Here Richard said something to his uncle in a low voice, who replied to him in the same tone.

Then the latter turned again to Elsie.

"I have something of importance to say to you, and must ask a private interview."

Elsie led the way, with visible reluctance, to a little room back of the shop.

It was evident to Mr. Cameron that she knew more than she was willing to admit, for fear of compromising herself, though in what way was a puzzle to him. It almost seemed as if she was alarmed for her personal safety.

"If there's anythin' wrong," she commenced in an agitated voice, "taint my fault. I waited on Barb'y and did jest as Mrs. Sutton told me, and if any mischief has been done, I ain't to blame for it."

Mr. Cameron was convinced by Elsie's words and manner that some foul play had been attempted, if not perpetrated; but the first thing to be done was to allay her apprehensions.

"You are not going to be blamed for anything. Nor will you be harmed; unless, indeed, you refuse to give me the information I am sure you possess. On the contrary, if you answer my questions truly and honestly, you shall be liberally rewarded."

Elsie looked wistfully at the bank-note that Mr. Cameron took from his pocket-book, saying:

"Of course, I'll tell you anythin' I know, sir."

"Well, then, what was Mrs. Sutton's object in taking Barbara Worth away among strangers?"

"Well, sir, she said she wanted to consult some doctor about her?"

"I didn't ask you what she said; I asked you what you believed her object to be? Mrs. Sutton is dead; you surely have no reason to fear her now?"

"I think 'twas because she was afraid she'd tell somethin'; in fact, she told me so."

The uncle and nephew looked at each other.

"She did! Now you tell me you waited on Barbara; was her mind really affected, or was it simply a pretense on Mrs. Sutton's part? Remember that your only safety lies in being perfectly frank."

"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what Barb'y was out of her head, but I think 'twas somethin' that Mrs. Sutton give her that made her so. I minded that she always had them queer spells after she'd took some of the wine or cordial that Mrs. Sutton kept by her."

"How did it seem to affect her?"

"At first, it made her giddy an' crazy-like; then she grew stupid, an' didn't seem to take no notice of nothin' nor nobody. A good deal of the time I dressed an' undressed her as I would a baby."

"Before Barbara went to New York, did she live quite alone?"

"Yes, sir. She lived in a little cottage out of the village, that belonged to Mrs. Sutton."

"Did you ever know of her having a child with her, a girl?"

"No, sir; only Mrs. Sutton's daughter. She had the care of her, I think, from a baby."

"How old is this daughter?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I should say she must be eighteen or nineteen; something along there, sir."

"You think this girl is Mrs. Sutton's child?"

"She was always called so. It ain't more'n eight years ago since Mrs. Sutton come to Edgcombe; so her daughter was quite a girl when I first saw her."

Mr. Cameron looked attentively at the speaker. If she had any doubts on the subject, or knowledge of facts beyond what she stated, she was evidently determined to keep them to herself.

"How long has Mrs. Sutton been dead?"

"About six months."

"Where did she die here?"

"Oh, no, sir; she was killed on the cars last summer. I presume you heard of it; two trains coming together, own' to some mistake a bout it. There was a terrible loss of life. It was a great escape for me. I was sittin' beside Mrs. Sutton only a few minutes before; but there was a lady on board on her way to be governed in a family she was acquainted with—Miss Lane, I think her name was—an' she told me to give her my place, so I took a seat on the other side. I hadn't much more'n got

comfortably fixed when the trains met. Mrs. Sutton an' this lady were so crushed that if it hadn't been for their dress they couldn't have been told apart, an' the only hint I had was on my foot."

Mr. Cameron listened very gravely to this.

"It was a terrible death. I knew Mrs. Sutton some years ago, when her fate promised to be very different. Now I want to find this blind woman, Barbara Worth. Where did Mrs. Sutton take her when she left New York?"

"I didn't go with her; I stayed with some relatives I had in the city while she was gone. She told me, when she got back, that she'd left her with a doctor, in some place on the Hudson. 'Twan't more'n two weeks after that she was killed."

"Did she leave no letters or papers that could give any clew to this doctor's name and address?"

Elsie glanced at the bank-note, and then at the face of the speaker.

"I don't know, perhaps I might find somethin' of the kind."

"If you can, and will give it to me, I shall not only be greatly obliged, but will give you this fifty-dollar bill."

Elsie looked at the note that was held up to her, as if to make sure of the amount; then rising with alacrity, disappeared behind a curtain at the further end of the room.

She soon reappeared with an empty directed envelope in her hand, which she handed to Mr. Cameron.

He bore this inscription:

"Dr. John Garvin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y."

"This is the doctor's address with whom Barbara Worth was left?"

"Yes, sir."

Rising to his feet, Mr. Cameron put the envelope into his breast-pocket, and the bill in his eager hand held out to receive it.

"We must go directly back to the city, Dick. If we hurry we can catch the next train."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### RICHARD'S VISIT TO FOREST HILL.

It was night when Mr. Cameron and his nephew got back to the city; and as anxious as the former was to follow up the clew he had received, he was obliged to defer it until another day.

They went to a hotel.

After supper Mr. Cameron went to his room to obtain the much needed rest, but Richard went round to see Hannah.

The reader will remember Hannah Prouty, in whose lodgings-house Irva found refuge on her escape.

The good woman was surprised and delighted to see him.

Among the many questions that poured in upon him, she found time to inquire about Irva, who held a warm place in her heart.

"Is she still at your sister's, Mr. Richard? I hav'n't heard nothin' from her or seen any of your folks to inquire."

"I presume she is; there is where I left her. I expect to see her to-morrow. Uncle Charles has some business up the Hudson, and I'm going as far with him as Sister Kate's. What shall I tell Miss Lane from you?"

"Give her my love, for one thing. And tell her that she mustn't forget her promise to come to see me whenever she comes down."

"I will, and won't forget my promise to bring her, either."

"What nonsense, Mr. Richard. But you always will have your joke."

"It's no joke at all, Hannah," laughed Richard, as he ran down the steps; "when you see her, you'll see me."

Richard was as good as his word; reaching Forest Hill about noon, in the midst of the first snow-storm of the season.

As he rode up to the door, he looked eagerly toward the school-room windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the form, so often present in his sleeping and waking dreams. But the blinds were closed, and there were no signs of life in that part of the building.

He followed suite alone, with the exception of his children.

"James went back this morning, and as John had some business in the city, he went with her. You must have passed on the way. You spoke about uncle Charles; why didn't he stop with you?"

"He had some business beyond. I presume he will stop on his way back. You know the search he has been making so many years; he thinks he has obtained a clew now that will lead to some definite conclusion."

Kate looked disturbed. She had always entertained hopes that Mr. Cameron would make Richard his heir; loving her brother too well not to feel uneasy at a discovery so likely to prove adverse to his interests.

"What has he discovered? Anything of importance?"

"I don't feel at liberty to state just what it is, even if I understand it fully, in all its bearings. But, however it may result, I hope that it will remove the cruel uncertainty that has tortured so long one of the noblest hearts that ever beat."

During this conversation, Richard had kept his eyes and ears on the alert, thinking that something would be said or occur that would lead to the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

He now said:

"By the way, Kate, I called on Hannah when I was in the city. I found the good old body full of lodgers, and as busy and happy as a bee. She sent a message to Miss Lane, that I must not forget to give her."

Kate's countenance underwent a noticeable change.

"Miss Lane, as she called herself, is gone. George Lane came on from the West, and declared that she was not his sister, nor any way related to him."

Kate was totally unprepared for the effect of those words on her brother.

He started to his feet, confronting her with a look that she never forgot.

"And you sent her away?"

"Of course. You don't think I would keep her after learning the deceit she had practiced?"

"But it was a great surprise to us all. I was never so deceived in any one in my life!"

In her favorable estimation of her character—and I know from your own lips that it was favorable—you were not deceived in her, Kate."

Kate's face flushed hotly.

"I never thought to hear my brother defend such conduct as that. In my opinion, a young girl that could plan and carry out such a devious and systematic deception must be very depraved!"

"It was not her plan, it was mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine. It was my suggestion that she enter your family in the way she did enter it. In fact, I had to exercise all my powers of persuasion to induce her to consent."

"Richard Harrington! if any one else had told me that you would do, or countenance such a thing, I wouldn't have believed it!"

It was a peculiarity of Richard's that he saw a ludicrous side to most everything, and the amazement and horror in his sister's uplifted eyes and hands brought a roguish smile to his lips.

"You see, Kate, you may know a person all your life, and be deceived in him."

"It does seem very funny to you," was the indignant rejoinder, "but to me it is perfectly dreadful!"

"That is very possible; only let your censure fall where it belongs, on me. The sin and folly are mine, and I don't propose to share them with any one."

"It's all very well for you to say that, but it's my belief that she came here for the express purpose of entrapping you into marrying her."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Kate. If you'll listen to me with any degree of calmness, I will tell you just how the whole thing came about, and all there is to it."

Here Richard related to his sister what the reader already knows.

"It was my intention to leave you in ignorance of these facts," he said, in conclusion; "and you felt interested in her, as I felt sure you would be, I intended to tell you just as it was. But, Miss Weston came—and various other things, not necessary to mention now, deterred me. As you know, I was called away unexpectedly. I left with the intention of writing you about it, after I had been away a few weeks, or else defer it until my return, which I supposed would be in three or four months.

For the first time in her life, Kate was seriously angry with her brother.

"What you tell me makes it no better for her, and much worse for you. What right had you to place in my family a woman, picked up in the street, and of whose character you knew nothing?"

"Kate, answer me this one question: Did you ever see anything amiss in this young lady while she was with you? Was not her conduct in



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OR,  
**THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING.**

**A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.**

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
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Of singular interest, beauty and subtle pow-

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**Sunshine Papers.**

**A Lesson for All to Learn.**

HARD times! Bless us, how delightful it would be to hear about something new! We never remember hearing of good times, except the "good time coming;" and it is so long on the way that we have fears it will not arrive before the millennium. But hard times—hard times have been hard times ever since one's cradle days.

We there not hard times—financial panics, business crashes, innumerable failures, and all those horrible affairs for which the men nowadays hunt the morning papers daily, and with which they season their breakfast and cheer their families—in 1857? And did not the black days of secession and rebellion follow fast after, when prices went up to fabulous figures, and poor men found joining the army a salvation from starvation? That was when a yard of white muslin was worth its weight in gold, sugar was precious as silver, tea more valuable than gems, and everything else eatable, or drinkable, or wearable, or needful in any way costed accordingly.

Those were hard times; and we have heard of nothing but hard times ever since, though there came a season of seeming prosperity, when rents and real estate brought in fabulous amounts, and people learned to make and spend money recklessly. Ah! that was the hardest time of all—for the evil habit of recklessness affected the rich and the lowly alike, and the working people in their efforts to keep up with their wealthier neighbors forgot what frugality and economy meant. As merchandise fell in prices they bought more instead of

saving more, and the wife of the clerk dressed as finely as the wife of his employer. And now, when real estate is almost a curse to those who hold it, and stocks are depreciated, and factories are closed, and failures in all kinds of business are everyday occurrences, and workmen and clerks are thrown out of employment, and wages and salaries are being everywhere reduced, and there is much declared suffering and much suffering endured in secret, few have money laid by upon which to fall back in their time of need, and few still know where to come to save.

That is one secret of the hard times. Another lies with the business men who are really doing well, but not coining money fast enough to suit their rapaciousness, and so make "times" an excuse for all sorts of injustice to those they should now be most willing to take.

The head of the family—we mean the father of the family, but thought best to explain, since "women's rights" are rather severely asserted in some home-circles, if nowhere else—declares that "the times are awful—awful! truly awful, sir!" He goes home and sits at his dinner with severe face. He lifts his voice in prayerful invocation over the meal—using words that he has so often used before that he says them with great solemnity while he is thinking of his day's profits; and his thoughts never rise higher than the roof of his own four-story house—and then commences in the most earthly frame of mind to criticise the dinner.

"This is a fine dinner to give a man when he comes home and expects some hing nice! Potatoes and steak—sirloin steak, too, I do believe!"

"But, John," says his comical mate, "you get a good dinner in the middle of the day."

"And what if I do?" he growls, without mentioning the soup, roast turkey, five kinds of vegetables, dessert, and glass of ale, he took at one o'clock; "a man must have something to sustain him when he has to slave day after day to support a family"—his slaving consisting mostly of lolling in a cosy office-chair and chatting with customers, while wife is home sewing, and tagging about the house from breakfast-hour to dinner.

"Well, I will not get sirloin steak if you dislike it; but porter-house steak, and rib roast beef, and poultry, and such things cost so much for a large family like ours; and you say it is such hard times?"

"Hard times! Yes, I should think so!" he says; "but we can't starve; you must retrench in other ways. Why, to-day I cut down the salaries of my porter, and entry-clerk, and bookkeeper."

"Poor fellows! they are all married, too; seems to me that was rather hard," says the wife, gently.

"Oh! you women never understand things. Banks are bursting and business-houses failing every day, and we must begin to refund; and the clerks must not expect to get as much now as when times are good; they must learn to spend less!"

"Well," says wife, "I suppose you know best. Can you give me three dollars, John, to pay the old man who tends the furnace?"

"Three dollars! Where are the ten I gave you last week?"

"I paid seven for plain sewing, to Mrs. Jones, and one to the Pastor's Aid Society, and two to the dressmaker."

"Seven for plain sewing when you have a machine! You ought not to be paying for plain sewing these hard times."

"But, it is a real charity to give it to Mrs. Jones, for her husband has been sick and out of work for over a year, and she has her house-rent to pay and three little children to support."

"Charity begins at home," says the businessman, sententiously. "Times are too hard to supporting other families than one's own, and fifty cents a month, nowadays, must do for the Pastor's Aid Society, and the up-stairs girl must see to the furnace in future."

"Oh, John! Poor old Jim and his old wife would starve if he could not get furnaces to see to; besides, the servants do not think it their place to do such work."

"Then you can get new servants, and teach them to know their place. I'm not going to pay a dollar a week, in such times as these, to have the furnace fed. Here are the three dollars, and you can tell the man we don't want him any longer; and, by the way, here are twenty-five dollars to pay for the new pants and vest, and a box of cigars I ordered."

That's the style! That is what hard times means to certain men! They cut down on their church expenses, cut down on charities, take the bread out of the very mouths of the poor people who have worked for them, heartlessly turn them adrift, lessen the number of their employees and send home those they retain with the news that their salaries have been reduced twenty-five per cent, but they do not curtail a cent upon their house and personal expenses, nor deny themselves a single necessity nor luxury. Times are hard, but they keep them easy for themselves by the dastardly process of making them harder for others.

Ah, when these people come to die—if it is possible for them to send messages to their friends on earth—they will controvert with innumerable proofs the theory lately advanced by a most sensational and erratic theologian, that there is no hell! They will learn then, what they never learned on earth—the true meaning of hard times!

And while the hard times of to-day may be teaching us of the present generation a lesson in self-denial and economy that we need to know, that fact will not mitigate the retribution that will overtake those who forget, in these times, to "do justly and to love mercy."

**A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.**

"A touch of Nature makes us all akin;" that is why a good love-story is so enticing to all, for every man and woman living who have a human nature have felt the thrills, throbs and thrones of "the grand passion," and recall much of their own emotional experience in the revelations of the author who writes as Corinne Cushman does with a masterful and cunning pen. Her new story—to commence in our next—is quite sure to lead the reader's attention captive.

**THE MORAL OF "ITEMS."**

Do you ever think what a deal of the drama of life may be witnessed by the perusal of a few items in the newspapers, which, if placed together, would show "high" and "low" humanity, in its relations to causes and effect?

For instance, one reads of a young millionaire who, last winter, presented his lady-love with a diamond necklace, valued at \$50,000, and sundry other gifts, of but little less value.

How would it do to put under this the paragraph relating to the finding of the body of a woman frozen to death in the cold street, starved to death in a city of wealth and charity?

Then may come the item of the discovery of the body of a poor betrayed girl, floating in

the water of the Hudson, with scarce a friend left to claim the form that once held a pure soul and had an untarnished name. Why should not these fortune-tellers, quack doctors and medical charlatans, have their advertisements appended to this item? You cannot see what one has to do with the other, but you would, if you knew the whole story of that girl's life. You think that, for her death, at least, she has no one to blame but herself—she was a suicide. I believe others were as much to blame in the taking off of that poor creature's life, as if they had stood behind her and pushed her into the river's bed!

Just below our eyes, we catch a few lines remarking that such a boy had left his home and run away to sea. The comment thereon seems to be, how it was possible for a son to leave the parental roof to seek so precarious a life as that of a common sailor?

The answer I can easily find in the following paragraph on another page: "Harshness with, and tyranny over children, are not of such a nature as to cause them to love home; and, if persisted in, will cause more than one youth to leave the homestead, believing that no place can be worse, and many much better, than their own homes."

Look a little further on in the paper and you may discover—for the case is a very common one nowadays, more's the shame—the embezzlement of the cashier of a bank or the confidential clerk of a large mercantile house, and our wonder is why a person with a fine salary and a good reputation should sink himself so low as to become a thief. How will this par-

agraph fit the above case: "Extravagance and the mania for speculation are stepping-stones to guilt. If a person would but live within his income we should hear less of crime, and the individual himself would be far happier and his conscience less troubled." But, my good friend, they will not do it. "I will have as much money as another, I will have as fine clothes and as fine horses, even if I cannot afford it, I can speculate."

And he does speculate, not with his own money, but his employer's; the speculation fails, the money cannot be returned, the clerk or cashier absconds. How much gool has his speculation done him, pecuniarily or morally?

"The body of poor young —, killed in a drunken brawl, was carried to the home of his parents, a home bare and meager enough;

there seemed to have been something wanting to make it feel homelike, and we are told that it always had cheerless, desolate look even before young — commenced his downward course."

"The gambling and liquor saloons are ablaze with light; they are warm and magnificently furnished—that is, those of an aristocratic (?) character. It is to the *interest* of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men."

Moral: If you want to keep your boys at home, you must make home as attractive as the places abroad, filling them with different kinds of pleasure and showing them that "home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

Surely it is to the interest of the proprietors of the questionable places to have them as *attractive* as possible, in order to draw custom.

It is not to the interest of all parents to have their homes as attractive, in order to keep their children there and prevent them from having a desire to seek their amusement elsewhere.

Is it not a *duty*? EVE LAWLESS.

**Foolscap Papers.**

**After a Policy.**

He was a seedy, overripe specimen of an Insurance dead-beat; a living personal example of a bad policy, got up on an unrefined plan.

His brains wouldn't average one inch to the foot, but his sublime brass went two miles to the inch. He was full of statements, figures, and could talk you apoplexy in ten minutes, and then call for another victim.

You couldn't shut him up any more than you could shut up a door in a new house, and when he'd begin he didn't know where to stop any more than a stranger in a strange town and the hotel bursted.

The other day this agent went to call on old Fizzem, who was exasperatingly rich and carefree, but was good for 10,000, anyway, if he could be induced.

The agent approached his domicile, grabbed the door-bell and jerked the servant-girl to the door, who ushered him into the presence of Fizzem, and the following scene ensued:

AGENT. Good-morning, Mr. F. I came to tell you about Insurance this morning, and—

FIZZEM. I have no time to spare, sir; please call another time.

AGT. Yes, time is short, that is the reason everybody should take out a pol—

F. But I am very busy, sir.

AGT. Yes, I see you are all business, and as a business man you will not fail to see that a pol—

F. You don't require any policy on your check, sir.

AGT. Indeed you are right, sir, but—

F. I would be glad if you would have more immediate business elsewhere, and were on the hunt of it.

AGT. I wanted you to see our new rates and—

F. I would be pleased if you would shut my front door from the outside.

AGT. Please do not get hasty, as I came to stay a short time with you only, and give you such an insight into the beauties of Life Insurance that will induce you to—

F. Sir, you will feel dreadfully put out about the second thing you know.

AGT. My dear friend, I never allow myself to be out of humor, and—

F. If you are not insured yourself then you had better evacuate these premises, or I will not be responsible for the accidents that might be incurred.

AGT. I hold an accident policy, sir, and am not alarmed; but I shall not allow myself to leave without the pleasure of enlarging on our new plans of Life In—

F. I suppose I will be in need of a policy if you remain much longer. Can you not take a hint?

AGT. Yes, I can take a hint; but if you would take a policy in our company it would be a fair exchange, and I would bear any amount.

F. You can take anything you please, but only leave the house or I will be compelled to show you the direction of the door that leads to the street.

AGT. Calm yourself, sir. We are twenty

per cent. below any other company; our assets beyond others, and our li—

F. Yes, your lie is beyond all others I ever heard. I have wasted too much time with you al—

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## MY ROSEBUD.

BY MAY MELVILLE

A rosebud once to me was given,  
To watch with tender care,  
That I might see its beauty bloom,  
And breathe its fragrance rare.  
  
That rosebud! Ah, I loved it well,  
So fair it seemed to me;  
And when its petals would unfold  
How lovely must it be!  
  
No glaring sunbeams e'er should scorch  
My rosebud pure and frail;  
No dew, nor chil blist should blight,  
Or make its brightness pale.  
  
Thus sheltered from the sun and rain,  
That rosebud withered soon;  
A gilded vase, a bit of earth,  
Were left me of the boos.  
  
Ah, me! The bitter tears I shed  
O'er that lost bud of mine!  
No more would graceful, glossy leaves,  
Like tendrils, round it twine.  
  
Could it have felt the sun's warm rays,  
And sipped the misty rain,  
It might have been a blooming rose;  
Thee for it, now, were vain.  
  
No sunny rays, however, dews  
Could change that sad bird's fate;  
I should have known what were to give,  
But, ah! I learned too late!  
  
Too late, too late! Oh, Father dear,  
Till it too late shall be,  
Let us not hide thy truth and love  
From hearts we'd lead to Thee!  
  
Oh, Father, send thy dews and rays,  
And make Thy servants wise;  
And grant Thy rosebuds given us here  
May bloom for Paradise!

## Tatty.

BY DEANE CHESTER.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Snow underfoot, snow on all the house tops,

blackened with city dust and soot, and a chilly,

unpleasant suggestion of coming snow in the air.

On the old city bridge, where one could see

only the black, icy river far below, and blocks of

factories and tenements on its either bank,

stood a poorly-clad woman.

From the roofs of the houses were hung out

numerous lines of ragged, dirty clothing,

signals of distress, flapping to and fro in the wintry

air, and proclaiming from the house tops the

poverty and sloth of the inmates.

But the misery of her surroundings was un-

noticed by this girl. Her thoughts were far

away, and she paused every now and then with

a look of expectancy upon her face which set

told into one of despair as the wintry afternoon

shortened.

"Madge,"

She lifted her bent head with a cry of joy.

"How yer scare one, though. Who'd 'a'

thought you'd be a-comin' from the other side?"

"I had business there, and that detained me.

I got your note."

"Could yer read it?" inquired she, eagerly,

with burning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I could make it out," he answered,

carelessly.

Then seeing tears in the large black eyes:

"You have done well, child. I am growing

profound of my pupil."

These few kind words seemed to arouse all the

sleeping tenderness of the girl's nature. She

took one of his hands in hers and pressed her lips to it.

A change passed over his face, an aristocratic

face where the conflicting forces of good and

evil had left their marks, and all his indecision

and listlessness seemed gone. Without resistance on her part he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Love you deary, Maggie, don't you?

You've often said so, but of late I have doubted

it. I told her it last night when I saw that fell-

low with you."

She clung more closely to him and looked up

with the sort of dumb worship in her eyes that one sees sometimes in the gaze of a faithful dog.

It was the untrained, devoted love of a passion-

ate, ignorant nature.

"Yer know I love yer, Ray. I wouldn't

mind"—biting her red lips and stamping one

foot on the frosty boards—"bein' ground into bits if it would do you good. I mean it. I'd kill myself any day if yer asked me to do it!"

He looked pleased, and pressed her more closely to him.

"Who was the fellow and what was he say-

ing to you?"

"Oh, that was only Joe, and he was a say-

in."

She stopped short, and blushed violently.

"What was he saying? You must tell me, Madge."

She was crying hysterically now.

"Oh, I can't tell yer, Ray. He lies about

you. He sez other people sez them."

"What do they say, darling? I'll make her words choke him yet!"

"But he sez, Ray, he tells 'em for my good,

And then I told him he lied when he called her names.

He sez, turning quick like on me, "Call me a liar again, Meg, I like that," sez he. "He's a foolin' yer, and yer'll live to curse him!"

Then I couldn't help a-tellin' him, Ray, though I was afraid you'd be mad. My grit was up,

and I turned and sez just how yer promised

to marry me some day. He laughed and laffed when I sez that. Marry yer indeed! No, no, Meg, I never married girls like you. Don't listen to him, dear!"

"He called you dear, did he?" asked her companion quickly. "Insolent rowdy! Go on, Madge; tell me every word, remember."

"Well, then, Ray, he asked me to be his wife.

He sez how he has always loved me since we

was so high," measuring an imaginary distance

from the ground with one prettily-shaped hand,

"and then he took on so and cried and sez how

he will kill himself if I won't have him, and I felt so sorry."

"You're like the rest, I see," exclaimed her lover, pushing her from him violently. "You want for him! Oh, Maggie, if you should love him or any other man but me!"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried she, fiercely

throwing both arms about his neck. "Oh, I love you, only you! It will kill me if, yer hear me now!"

No man could have doubted such passionate earnestness and perfect abandonment of self.

For an instant he hesitated; then this ill-

sensed passion conquered his better nature.

"Listen, Maggie; I have much to tell you. It is getting cold, darling; we will walk slowly to your lodgings."

His next words were spoken more cautiously;

"Would you sacrifice, give up, a great deal

for me, Magde?"

"I'd give up everything," she answered, in a low, intense tone.

"And you won't grieve, darling, for what I can't help? I am so wretched to night, utterly miserable, and yet I can't get along without doing it."

She waited quietly for him to finish, and yet her trembling form showed that she anticipated his next words.

"It is all my mother's doings, Magde. I am horribly in debt, or I wouldn't submit to it; I am to be married soon. I know you won't be silly enough to care if you really love me. I must give my name and position to that plain, cold woman, but you shall have my love always. I swear it, Maggie!"

He paused beside her on the dark bridge and tried to take her in his arms, but she shrank away from him with a cry of anguish.

"Don't touch me now, Ray. I know 'tain't yer fault, and I'm a fool to have thought yer meant it—to wait fer me till I got a education."

"I'll always love yer, fur somehow I can't help it, but I'll never study no more. Tatty shall

have all my books!"

Storms of sobs drowned her words.

"And what are you going to do, Maggie?" inquired he, with vague alarm.

"Me? What does that matter? I'll drown myself most likely. I've nothing to live for more."

"Drown yourself! If you will only listen to reason you will live, live to be happy. If you were my wife I should grow to hate to you. Now I shall love you forever!"

A dark form shuffled past them now, and a voice said:

"Is that you, Meg?"

She turned her face with a guilty start.

"Yes, Joe, it's me."

"Well, I must be going," said her companion.

Then in a whisper:

"Remember, to-morrow at the same hour, we meet me here. Promise."

His grip on her arm was painful.

She promised in a faint, choking voice:

"I'll be a good girl."

Then she said:

"I'll be a good girl."</

"And he has written to you?"  
"Yes."  
"Dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Jerry.  
"When did you receive the last letter from the scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Challoner.

"Yesterday."  
"Oh, you viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me at once!"  
"I can not," was the low reply.

"Can not? Why can't you, I'd like to know? Hand it over, miss."

"I have destroyed it."

The exasperated old man gave a short of di-

"Oh, you expected to be found out, did you miss, and took that way to secure yourself? I never heard of such misdeeds, such fury!"

"Never!" echoed Aunt Jerry, who always made it a point to agree with Mr. Challoner.

"You may tell me the purport of that letter, miss."

This demand caused Dolores to start up sud-

denly, and recede toward the door, her hands clasped tightly together again, her cheeks pallid with fear. The letter had really made an ap-

pointment for a meeting to take place that very evening, and was couched in such language that the poor girl had not dared disregard it.

"Do not ask me," she implored, "I can not tell you. Indeed I can not."

Dolores was silent.

"I am not to be trifled with," stormed the angry maid. "You've tried me once too often, for if you dare the footsteps of your misguided mother! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll drive you from my door! I'll leave you on the slave—or rot in the poor-house! That's what I'll do!"

"And you will be serving her right," put in Aunt Jerry.

Poor Dolores answered nothing. She con-

tinued to recede toward the door, a pale look

pleading on her face; and suddenly, with a half-

suppressed shriek of anguish, as if the scene had

grown insupportable, rushed out.

Mr. Challoner sat down, gasping for breath.

He felt deeply, terribly in earnest. It pained

him to think of that his beautiful

grand-daughter, of whom he had been so proud,

had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as he deemed Vincent Erie.

"It shall never be," he cried; "Dolores shall

not throw herself away. One disgrace of that

sort is enough in a family."

To hide his agitation, he now took up the

second letter, which had been lying neglected

on the salver, and tore it open. Instead of pac-

ying him, however, this missile threw him into

a greater rage, if possible, than the first.

It was from a Jew broker of New York, who

wrote to demand immediate payment of a debt

of three thousand dollars which the writer

claimed. Mr. Challoner's grandson, Raymond,

had contracted it.

The old gentleman could scarcely believe the

evidence of his eyes. He rubbed them, looked

again, and at last the storm broke out. If Ray-

mond had been borrowing money of those rascally Jews, he might get some of their clutches

as best he could. Three thousand dollars! How,

in the name of all that is wonderful, had the

rascal managed to squander such a sum!

"He shall reap as he has sown," roared the

cholerick old gentleman. "I'll disinherit both

him and Dolores. And may I be shot if I ever,

so long as I live, take another ungrateful brat

to bring up."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### GROPPING IN THE DARK.

"Oh, treasonous night!

Thou lend'st thy ready vail to ev'ry treason,

And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade."

HILL'S ZARA.

The day had been dark and lowering, and night, as it closed in, brought no change in the weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slackening ever and anon only to rally its wasted power in a final deluge.

Aunt Jerry's room was in the same wing with the chamber occupied by Dolores. The amiable spinster retired about ten o'clock, and had fallen into what she termed her "beauty sleep" when the rattling of gravel against the window of the adjoining room rudely awakened her.

She started upright, giving her night-cap vicious twitches.

"La, blessed me! What's that?" was her mental ejaculation.

The sound came again—unmistakably the rattling of gravel as it struck in sharp contact with the glass. Immediately afterward there was a rustling in Dolores's room, and Aunt Jerry heard the steps of a woman, and close, and stealthy footsteps gliding down the corridor.

Thought is quick, and the minister's suspicions took a definite turn instantly.

"I see, I see!" she muttered, nodding her head. "It's that audacious girl stealing out to meet her lover. Oh, how can she be so forward? But it is my duty to stop a stop to this sort of thing, and I'll do it, too."

Springing out of bed, Aunt Jerry hastily thrust her feet into the slippers that stood primly side by side, next to the wall. Then she threw on a flame petticoat, and drew a shawl round her shoulders.

It was of no use trying to make a grand toilet, for Dolores was to be caught, she decided. The girl would get completely beyond her reach.

She went stalking down-stairs, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a white-robed figure as it flitted through the low window at the end of the hall, and turned into a path leading to a small pavilion at some distance from the house.

"Oh, that's where Dolores meets that precious scamp," it breathed the shocked spinster. "They imagine themselves perfectly safe in the pavilion, I suppose. How scandalous! My dear Egbert must be told of this, that he may exert his authority to prevent such audacious proceeding in future."

Aunt Jerry quite lost sight of her peculiar costume in the sudden zeal she felt to put Mr. Challoner on the track of the culprits. Proceeding to his room, which was on the ground floor, she knocked long and loudly.

"Who's there?" said a gruff voice, at length.

"It's me—Jerusha,"

"What do you want?"

"Come right out," said Aunt Jerry, in an eager voice. "Dolores is in the garden with that scamp! I saw her steal forth to meet him not five minutes ago."

"Meet whom?"

Mr. Challoner was out of bed in an instant, and at the door, his yellow night-cap quite noticeable as he thrust out his head; for a dim light was always kept burning in this corridor.

Aunt Jerry was reminded all at once of her own head-gear, and, snatching it off, threw it behind her, at the same time giving her false front a twitch into its proper place.

"Where do you say the idiots are?" Mr. Challoner demanded, hoarse with excitement.

"In the pavilion."

"Wait a minute. We will go down and surprise them. Oh, the villain! the abominable villain! I'll have him arrested for trespass! I'll put a bullet through his heart." "H—l—l—"

Dolores, annoyed by the thrust at his deformity, replied sharply.

"Faith, good prince, the hand which bestowed knight-hood upon thee was somewhat foot-heavy; it has driven thy shoulder out of place."

The prince replied by a buffet which sent the dwarf rolling on the sod. He rose laughing, but there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes which showed that he would not forget.

"Tis a striking argument, prince," he said.

"Well, well, I shall remember it, in the time to come."

He turned upon his heel and plunged into a little thicket which bordered the plain, and was lost to sight. Scarcely was he gone when a lady in hunting green came sweeping toward the city, guiding her palfrey with a skillful hand; with a gait gloriously beautiful, but the beauty of the lost. Her golden hair, rolling to the saddle, shrouded her body like a mantle. Her com-

moisture from the path along which they had come. Suddenly she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and stood stock-still.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impatiently demanded.

"I've lost one of my slippers."

"Lost it?"

"Yes. It is stuck fast in the mud."

"Never mind. You had better come on. It's of no use searching for the slipper in this infernal gloom."

They proceeded. They were not a dozen

steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.

"Mercy on me! There goes the other."

"Hang it all!" cried the exasperated old man.

"Why can't you find slippers that fit your feet or else stuff 'em with cotton? We can't be wasting time here."

Poor Aunt Jerry might have told him that the slippers were all right, only she hadn't taken time to draw on her stockings, before putting them on; but it seemed scarcely modest to enter into an explanation of that nature, and she remained silent.

They started again, and Aunt Jerry's feet

"Beneath her petticoat,

"Like little mice peeped in and out"

as they went stumbling and plunging along the uneven ground—for somehow they had wandered from the path, and could not find it again. Once they plunged into a thorn-bush, and it took some minutes to extricate themselves.

Mr. Challoner uttered anathemas, and the poor spinster, still rubbing her aching feet, said,

"I have destroyed it."

The exasperated old man gave a short of di-

may, and took the letter from Aunt Jerry's lips.

"Mercy on me! There goes the other."

"Hang it all!" cried Modred, laying his hand upon her bride.

"Stay; I have something for you."

"Not for mine, prince," she returned, laughing.

"This looks have been lately bent on none

of us."

"An' it be so, fair lady, what care you?

Is not the maid of Astolat in thy path?" he said.

"An' this thin' an' that thin', five or six days,

An' I couldn't git out to make a raise."

Mother, she sowed for the shops, an' tried

To take care o' me an' herself beside.

But Lord, an' she didn't know what she do?

Tell ye wife, pardner, it makin' me feel blue,

Sechin' her worry, an' plan, an' fuss

To keep us in vitials, an' bein' nuss.

When I know'd she d'ort be settin' still,

'Stead o' waitin' on me. I tell ye Bill,

That wey institution f'ver see

Quite up to mothers. That's a meedle

"We'll come through it some way," sez mother, sez she.

"The Lord will take care o' you, Tommy, an' me.

I've finished that sewin', an' that'll buy bread

For to-morrer an' nex' day. We sha'n't starve,"

she said.

I began to git better, an' soon I could stir.

But her face irks me, Modred, laying his hand upon her bride.

"An' it be so, fair lady, what care you?

Is not the maid of Astolat in thy path?" he said.

"An' this thin' an' that thin', five or six days,

An' I couldn't git out to make a raise."

Modred, laying his hand upon her bride.

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Modred, laying his hand upon her bride.

"An' this thin' an' that thin', five or six days,

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Not exactly caring to encounter the mate, he went below, into the sailors' quarters, where he occupied himself in a voyage of discovery of the ship's interior.

Meanwhile Phil, as we have seen, had slipped stealthily aboard the vessel, and introduced himself into the cabin while Dick was attracting the attention of all on board.

It was a dangerous position for the boy to be in, and he looked around for some place of concealment in case of being suddenly intruded upon.

The cabin of the Strongbow formed a room of considerable size, and rather plainly furnished, a table, a few chairs, and a lounge, being the principal articles.

There were a couple of state-rooms on each side. Two of these stood partly open, forming the boudoirs of the captain and mate.

Phil next tried the door in the forward part of the cabin, leading to the room in which he had been confined. It was only closed by a bolt on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and entered his old prison.

The apartment was a contracted one, and very faintly lighted by a dim illumination coming from the forward part of the vessel.

He had more than half expected to find Alice confined here, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found the room empty.

"Where in blazes have they got her, then?" he muttered. "I don't know any other place 'cept it's one of them state-rooms. Here's a door leading for'ard. Maybe I'd best explore."

The room formed a sort of lumber-closet for the cabin, and Phil stumbled, in the faint light, over various articles as he sought the door which his quick eyes had made out.

It proved to be a door which fastened only on one side. In a moment he had it open and was gazing forward into the vessel.

It was a dim profundity into which he looked. The cargo had been removed from this part of the 'tween-decks, and the hatches fastened down. Its only light came through a grating in the bulkhead forward, and lost itself in the center of the wide concavity, failing to penetrate the dark sides.

"That's all right," thought Phil, stepping boldly forward. "Duno what this bucket of water is left settin' here fur, 'cept they want to guy a feller a foot-bath.—Hello! here's a look further down."

The ladder led down to a lower hold, which lay in almost complete darkness, the light which came down with Phil hardly revealing the spot on which he stood. All else was profound gloom except where, in what appeared an infernal distance forward, a faint beam of light shone through what appeared to be a closed hatchway.

"Well, if it ain't dark enough to cut, here, I'll sell out," muttered Phil, venturing some steps forward in the darkness.

There was no obstruction. This hold, too, had formed part of the stowage capacity of the ship, and was now empty.

Satisfied with his explorations so far, and growing anxious about the main object of his adventure, Phil made the best of his way back, reaching the small apartment adjoining the cabin.

Before venturing further he looked warily through a minute opening in the door. His quick ear caught, at the same moment, a step on the cabin stairs.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, his small, fox-like face peering warily around. Phil could see him the better, as he seemed to be something.

An idea occurred to the boy. Going cautiously back where he had seen the bucket of water, he dipped his head into it as deeply as the bucket would admit. He came up streaming like a mermaid with salt water.

"Now for it," muttered Phil, in a choking voice.

When he again reached his point of view, he found Captain Monroe in the act of unlocking one of the state-room doors.

"That's where he keeps Miss Alice," thought Phil. "Now for to give him a header."

The captain was on the point of looking into the room whose door he had partly opened, when he was startled by an odd noise behind him.

He turned quickly, to behold, with starting eyes, a small head protruding from the lumber-room into the cabin, a head dripping with water, the hair hanging in soaked masses about the face, it seemed to ooze water. He knew the face to be that of the boy whose helpless form he had flung into the river.

"I've been drowned!" muttered Phil, in sepulchral tones.

The captain's face grew white as he gazed at this apparition, his superstitious soul full of dread.

"I've been drowned!" repeated Phil, in tones that seemed drawn from as far down as his lower regions.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, his small, fox-like face peering warily around, and he lost no time in flinging it wide open.

It was as he had hoped. There lay, reclining on a short lounge, the form of Alice Homer, her eyes staring oddly out at the intruder.

She seemed to be just recovering from the effects of the narcotic, and to be in a stupefied condition.

There was no time to be lost. Phil caught her rudely by the arm, crying:

"Come, Miss Alice! Git up instant! The life's in danger here!"

Stirred by his energetic appeal, she tried to obey, and raised herself to her feet by his vigorous aid. She tottered though like a drunken person, and seemed not to understand where she was, nor what had become of her.

Half leading and half dragging, Phil hurried her across the room, the door of which he locked and appropriated the key.

"This way! Quick as lightning!" he exclaimed, impelling her forward.

She yielded involuntarily, like one walking in a dream. In a minute Phil had her through the lumber-room and into the hold beyond.

Leaving her there, he returned to close the doors he had left open behind him.

At that moment he heard the heavy step of the mate descending into the cabin, and his harsh voice muttering:

"Ghosts be blown! There's a screw loose in Cap Monroe's brains."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

RATS IN A TRAP.

THERE was no time to be lost. The mate was of different caliber from the captain, and would be more likely to discharge a chain at Phil's soaking head than to run from him.

He said he had opened the state room door. I don't see any sign of it," growled the mate, taking a lock from his own pocket and applying it to the lock.

Phil hastened from the door at which he had been listening, and hurried back to where he had left his charge.

"There'll be somethin' hot to pay soon," he said. "Wont take him long to find that the other door's unbolted."

There came a subdued roar from the cabin. The mate had just discovered that his bird had flown; the state room was empty!

"Come, Miss Alice!" Phil energetically exclaimed. "These is dangerous quarters. We must be gittin'."

Her previous hasty movement had partly released her floundered sense, and she yielded to Phil with better command of her nerves.

He led her to the hatchway, opening to the lower hold, and aided her, with some difficulty, down the narrow ladder.

"Here we are now," said Phil cheerfully, "in darkness as thick as jelly. And it won't be five minutes afore we're follered. Feel better, Miss Alice?"

"My head is very thick and confused," she hesitatingly replied. "Where are we?"

"A way down in the second story cellar of the Strongbow. Know who I am?"

"No," she uneasily answered.

"Thought you didn't," responded Phil, with a slight laugh. "I'm Phil Hardy. I'm the chap that took you out of the water once and that's a goin' to take you out of the fire, now."

"Oh, yes; I remember you," she replied dubiously.

It was evident that her faculties had not fully returned.

"Wait here a minute," cried Phil.

He dashed up the ladder to the deck above.

In minute he returned with the half-emptied bucket.

"Here! Dash some of this in your face," he ordered. "I'll wash the cobwebs out of your brain, and make thing I know."

Phil held up the bucket while she mechanically obeyed him, giving her face a plentiful ablation in the cold water.

It had the effect he anticipated. Her consciousness returned more fully, and she looked around her with a clearer idea of the situation.

"Towels aint handy," explained Phil. "But it's only water. I'll dry off."

He carefully placed the bucket at the foot of the ladder, while she partially dried her face with her handkerchief.

"Here they come!" Phil cautiously remarked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin'."

Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the hold.

It was a forward hatchway, closed with grating, through whose openings the light came down.

Phil ran hastily up the ladder which led to it, and tried to push it aside. His attempt was vain: it was fastened above.

At the same moment a gleam of light shone from the other hatchway, and they saw the stately figure of the mate descending.

"If we aint rats in a trap, then there's no pumpkins," muttered Phil, looking doubtfully around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll give him a call, anyhow."

With his lips to the grating Phil whistled, repeating it three times in quick succession.

It was answered in an unexpected way, by the sudden extinguishment of the light aft, and by a fierce curse from the lips of the mate. Phil at once divined the cause. He clapped his hands on his knees in delight.

"If he aint stepped into the water-bucket, sell me out! Wish I only had another bucket full! I'd give you a sheep-lamb sure."

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked Alice, anxiously. "Shall he lead her for cursing as he ascended the ladder again?"

"Wish I only known," answered Phil. "I'm despit afear'd we're in a trap. If Dick was only about now."

His words were answered by a repetition of his signal, from the deck above the grating.

"Hello! that's clever," cried Phil, quickly ascending the ladder. "Here we are, Dick. Open this confounded trap-door, or we'll be in trouble, son."

"All right!" came the voice of Dick from above, and his honest eyes were visible through the openings. "Hold hard. I'll fetch her soon."

"Here comes our enemy again," said Alice, in a low tone.

The light which now flashed through the hold was more intense than that which had been so suddenly put out. But it was also more concentrated in range. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than ever.

The bearer stood on the deck, slowly turning, and throwing the sharp beam of light successively over every point of the hold.

"What shall we do?" asked Alice, shrinking instinctively from the coming gleam.

"Wish Dick would hurry up," was Phil's answer. "We'll be seen sure, afore he gits us open."

The revolving light came nearer and nearer in the darkness, than that which had been so suddenly put out. But it was also more concentrated in range. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than ever.

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